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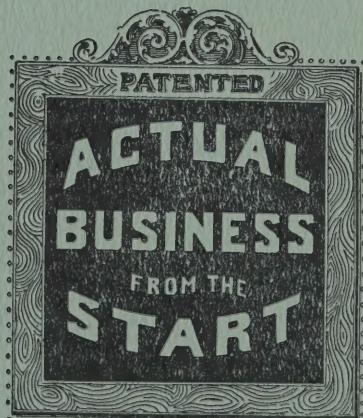
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# THE HIGH SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

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DEPARTMENT EDITOR—CHARLES B. MOSELEY.

## Horace. Ode XIV. Ad Rem Publicam.

O ship, new waves bear thee o'er the deep,  
What art thou doing now?  
Dost thou not see thy sides stripped of oars,  
Dost thou not see how thy tall masts groan  
Struck by the south wind fierce?  
Scarcely thy cableless hulk can ride  
Over the angry sea.  
Tattered and rent are thy sails of white.  
Tender God, none hears thy anxious prayer,  
Mid dangers threatening wild.  
Daughter of forest, whose fame is wide,  
Timber of Pontus pine,  
Nor stock nor name doth thee now avail,

Sailors trust not in thy painted stern,  
Frightened they shun thy side.  
Unless thou'rt doomed to be sport of waves,  
Care how thou sailest forth,  
Thou who hast recently been to me  
Source both of fear and of deep unrest,  
Gladness with grief enthroned.  
Object of loving affection thou  
Of apprehension strong,  
Be thou infused with fresh life anew,  
Like to the Cyclades, bright and glad,  
Shining from far away.

I. SOUTHWORTH, '96.

[From the German.]

## The Queen Who Could Not Bake Gingerbread-nuts, and the King Who Could Not Play the Jews-harp.

The king of Macronien, who some time ago had reached the prime of his life, had just risen and sat undressed on the chair beside his bed. Before him stood his chamberlain and held out to him his stockings, one of which had a great hole in the heel; but although he had with great care so turned the stocking that the king might not notice the hole, and although the king at other times was accustomed to pay more attention to handsome boots than to whole stockings, the hole did not escape the royal

penetration this time. Alarmed, he took the stocking from the chamberlain's hand, put his forefinger into the hole up to his knuckle, and then said, sighing, "What good does it do me to be a king, if I have no queen! What would you say to my taking a wife?"

"Your Majesty," answered the chamberlain, "that is a sublime thought; a thought, which would certainly have occurred to me, if I had not felt that Your Majesty would deign to utter it yourself this very day!"

"Beautiful!" replied the king, "but do you think I will find a woman so easily who will answer for me?"

"Pooh!" said the chamberlain, "ten, where others could only find one!"

"Don't forget that I require much. If a princess is to please me, she must be wise and beautiful. And there is another matter, upon which I lay very particular stress: you know how I like gingerbread-nuts! Not a single person in my whole kingdom knows how to bake them, at least to bake them well, not too hard and not too soft, but just crisp. She must by all means be able to bake gingerbread-nuts!"

When the chamberlain heard this, he was very much alarmed. However, he recovered himself quickly and replied, "A king like Your Majesty will without doubt find a princess who knows how to bake gingerbread-nuts."

"Now, then, we will look about together!" replied the king; and on that very day he began a circuit in company with the chamberlain to several of his neighbors, who he knew had princesses to dispose of. But he only found three princesses who were so wise and beautiful that they pleased the king, and of these not one could bake gingerbread-nuts.

"To be sure I cannot bake gingerbread-nuts," said the first princess, when the king asked her about it, "but I can make beautiful little almond cakes. Won't they do?"

"No!" replied the king, "it must be gingerbread-nuts by all means!"

The second princess when he addressed the same question to her, clicked her tongue and said angrily, "Don't be so absurd! There are no princesses who can bake gingerbread-nuts!"

But the king fared worst of all with the third one, although she was the wisest and most beautiful. For she did not even let him come to his question, but first asked if he knew how to play the jews-harp. And when he said "no" to this, she refused him and said she was heartily sorry. He pleased her very much, but she was passionately fond of hearing the jews-harp, and had made up her mind to take no man who could not play it.

Then the king went home again with the chamberlain, and when he alighted from the carriage, he said very dejectedly, "So that has come to nothing!"

But the king must positively have a queen, and therefore after a long time, he once more ordered the chamberlain to come to him, and disclosed to him that he would have to abandon hunting for a woman who could bake gingerbread-nuts, and had decided to marry the princess whom he had first visited. "It is the one who knew how to bake little almond-cakes," he added. "Go to her, and ask if she will be my wife."

On the next day the chamberlain came back, and said the princess was no more to be had. She had married the king of the country where the capers grow.

"Well, then, go to the second princess!" But the chamberlain came home again this time without having effected anything. The old king said he regretted it very much, but his daughter had unfortunately died, and so he could not give her to him.

Then the king thought a long time; but since he wanted very much to have a queen, he commanded the chamberlain after all to go once more to the third one; perhaps she had in the meantime changed her mind. And the chamberlain had to obey, although he felt very little pleasure in his mission, and although his wife had said that it would certainly be perfectly useless. But the king waited anxiously for his return. For he thought of the question concerning the jews-harp, and the remembrance of it was vexatious to him.

However, the third princess received the chamberlain kindly. She said to him that she had indeed very positively intended only to marry a man who knew how to play the jews-harp. Dreams are but froth, and especially young dreams! She apprehended that her wish could not be fulfilled, and since she liked the king very much she would quickly take him for a husband.

Then the chamberlain went back as quickly as the horses would take him. The king embraced and gave him the great decoration with planks, the order to be worn about the neck and the boards still higher.

Gay-colored banners were hung out in the city, garlands placed crosswise over the street from one house to another and the wedding celebrated so magnificently that the people talked of nothing else for two weeks.

The king and queen lived in pleasure and joy a whole year long. The king had entirely forgotten the gingerbread-nuts, and the queen the jews-harp.

However, one day the king rose early from bed with the wrong foot first, and everything went upside down. It rained the whole day; the imperial globe fell down, and the little cross that was on top broke off; then the court-painter came and brought the new chart of the kingdom, and when the king looked at it, the land was painted red instead of blue, as he commanded; and to crown all the queen had a headache.

Then it happened that the married couple quarreled for the first time. Why, they didn't know themselves on the next morning, or if they knew, at least they would not tell it. In short, the king was cross, and the queen was saucy and always had the last word. The queen shrugged her shoulders contemptuously, and said, "I should think now you would be finally quiet, and stop finding fault with everything you see! You can't even play the jews-harp!"

But scarcely had this remark escaped from her, when the king quickly interrupted her and answered spitefully, "And you can not even bake gingerbread-nuts!"

Then the queen failed to answer back for the first time, and was very still, and the two left each other for their own rooms without exchanging another word. Here the queen placed herself in the corner of the sofa and wept, and thought, "What a foolish woman you are after all! Where is your sense? You could not have managed it more stupidly."

But the king walked to and fro in his room, rubbed his hands, and said, "However it is a real happiness that my wife can bake no gingerbread-nuts! What else should I have replied when she reproached me because I did not know how to play the jews-harp?"

After he had repeated this at least three or four times, he became happier and happier. He began to whistle his favorite tune, looked at the large picture of the queen which hung in his room, climbed upon a chair in order to wipe off with his pocket handkerchief a cobweb which hung down just over the queen's nose, and finally said, "She is certainly really vexed, the good little wife! I will just see what she is doing!"

Therewith he went out of the door to the long passage, upon which all the rooms opened. But because everything had gone wrong on this day, the valet-de-chambre had forgotten to light the lamps, although it was eight o'clock in the evening and pitch dark.

Therefore the king spread his hands before himself, in order not to get hurt, and fumbled cautiously on the wall. Suddenly he felt something soft. "Who is there?" he said.

"It is I," answered the queen.

"What are you looking for, my sweetheart?"

"I wanted to ask your forgiveness," replied the queen, "because I had insulted you so."

"You do not need to do that at all!" said the king, and fell upon her neck. "I am more to blame than you, and forgot all a long time ago. But, do you know, we will have two words prohibited in our kingdom on penalty of death, jews-harp and"—

"And gingerbread-nuts," laughingly interrupted the queen, still secretly wiping a few tears from her eyes—and with that the story ends. ETHEL M. WILLETT, '98.



[From the German.]

### The Little Bird.

A man and a woman dwelt in a pretty little house, and nothing was wanting to complete their happiness. Behind the house was a garden with beautiful old trees, in which the woman raised the rarest plants and flowers. One day the man took a walk in the garden, rejoiced over the splendid fragrance which the flowers emitted, and thought to himself, "What a happy man you are, to be sure, and what a good, lovely, skillful wife you have. As he was thus thinking, something stirred at his feet.

The man who was very short-sighted, stooped and discovered a little bird which had probably fallen out of the nest and could not yet fly.

He lifted it up, looked closely at it, and carried it to his wife.

"Sweet wife," he cried to her, "I have caught a little bird. I think it will turn out to be a nightingale."

"Nonsense," answered the woman, without more than looking at the bird; "how should a young nightingale come in our garden? No old birds nest there."

"You can depend upon it, that is a nightingale! Moreover, I once heard one sing in our garden. It would be grand if it grew large and began to sing! I am so fond of the nightingale's song."

"But it is not one!" answered the woman, without looking up, in the meantime, at all, for she was occupied just then with the stocking she was knitting and she had dropped a stitch.

"Yes, yes!" said the man, "I see it now precisely!" and held the bird close to his nose.

Then the wife stepped near, laughed loudly and cried, "Dear husband, it is merely a sparrow."

"Wife," answered the husband at this, and becoming rather hasty already, "how can you think that I would confuse a nightingale with the commonest of birds. You understand really nothing of natural history, and I had a collection of butterflies and one of beetles as a boy."

"But, husband, I ask you, has a nightingale then so broad a beak and so thick a head?"

"Yes, to be sure it has; and it is a nightingale."

"But I tell you it is not; just hear how it chirps."

"Little nightingales chirp, too."

And so it went on, until they disputed very earnestly. At last the man went out of the room and brought a little cage.

"Mind that you don't put the nasty bird in my room!" cried the wife to him, as he still stood in the door. "I will just see if I am not master in this house!" answered the man. He put the bird in the cage, had ants' eggs brought and fed it, and the little bird ate with great relish.

At supper, however, the man and woman each sat at a corner of the table and did not speak a word to each other.

On the next morning the wife went early to the bed of her husband and said very earnestly, "Dear husband, you were very unreasonable yesterday and very unfriendly to me. I examined the little bird once more just now. It is most surely a young sparrow; allow me to let him go."

"Take care that you do not handle my nightingale!" cried the man furiously, and designed his wife not one look.

So elapsed fourteen days. Fortune and joy seemed to have gone forever from the little cottage. The man sulked, and when the woman did not grumble, she wept. Only the little bird grew fat on the ants' eggs; his feathers grew visibly and it looked as if he would soon want to fly. He hopped around in the cage, set himself in the sand on its bottom, drew in his head and ruffled up his feathers while he shook himself, and piped and piped, like a genuine young sparrow. And every time that he piped, it went through the wife's heart like a stab.

One day the man had gone out, and the woman sat in her room alone, weeping and reflecting upon how happily she had lived

with her husband, how contented she had been from early morning to night, and how her husband had loved her, and how now all was at an end, since the accursed bird had come into the house.

She sprang up, abruptly, like anyone who conceives a swift determination, took the bird out of the cage and let him hop out of the window into the garden. Directly afterward the man came in.

"Dear husband," said the woman, while she did not dare to look at him, "a disaster has come to pass; the cat has eaten the little bird."

"The cat has eaten it!" exclaimed the man in the meanwhile motionless with horror, "the cat has eaten it! You lie! You have let the nightingale out intentionally! I would not have believed you capable of it. You are a wicked woman. Now our friendship is forever at an end!" With that he grew very pale, and tears came into his eyes.

When the wife saw this, she became aware at once that she had done him a very great wrong in letting the bird free, and crying loudly, she hastened into the garden, in order to see, if perhaps she could still find the bird there and catch it. And sure enough, in the middle of the path the birdling hopped and fluttered, for it could not yet really fly.

Seeing this the woman rushed to catch it, but the little bird slipped away into a bed, and from the bed into a bush, and from this under another one again, and the wife hurried after him in her anguish. She trampled down the beds and flowers, without regarding it in the least, and ran about after the bird a good half hour long. Finally she caught him, and red in the face and with very much dishevelled hair, she

came back into the room. Her eyes sparkled with joy and her heart beat violently.

"Darling husband," said she, "I have caught the nightingale again. Do not be angry any more; it was indeed hateful of me."

Then the man looked kindly at his wife again for the first time, and as he looked, he thought she had never been so lovely before, as at this moment. He took the little bird out of her hand, again held it close to his nose, examined it from all sides, shook his head, and then said, "You are right, pet, after all! Now I see it for the first time; it is really only a sparrow. It is certainly remarkable how very much one can be deluded."

"Dear husband," answered his wife, "you say that merely for love. The bird appears to me only like a nightingale today."

"No, no," interrupted her husband, while he examined the bird yet once more, and laughed loudly. "It is a very ordinary callow-bird." Then he gave his wife a hearty kiss and continued, "Carry him into the garden again and let the stupid sparrow fly, that has made us so unhappy for fourteen days."

"No," answered the woman, "that would be cruel! He is not yet fledged very much and the cat could surely get him. We will feed him some days yet, until his feathers have grown more, and then, then we will let him fly!"

But the moral of this story is: If any one has caught a sparrow and thinks it is a nightingale do not tell him for love; for he will take it amiss otherwise, and afterwards he will surely notice it of himself.

AMY DELESDERNIER, '98.

#### From Stein.

As Lessing came home one evening he found his door locked, and therefore knocked. His servant looked out of the window, but as it was dark he did not

recognize his master. "Lessing is not at home," he said. "Never mind," Lessing answered, "I will call again," and with that he went calmly away.



DEPARTMENT EDITOR—ALICE M. TWIGG.

### A Saturday's Experience in the Needham Public Library.

To anyone who is fond of observing the habits and dispositions of people, a fine opportunity is afforded at the Public Library of this town, where one comes in contact with people old and young, snappy and sweet-tempered, cranks and those easy to please, and, in fact, all sorts of people of different nationalities and temperaments.

As I have spent considerable time in the Needham Public Library during the past four years, I hope Needham people will not think me at all personal if I write a brief account of "A Saturday's Experience in the Needham Public Library."

In the first place I trust it is generally understood among the towns-people that the library is opened promptly at 2 o'clock p. m. Invariably, however, about twenty minutes of two, somebody tries the door, which, of course, is locked, and after shaking it violently for some minutes this personage takes his departure, planting his feet on the stairs as if he were experimenting to see if a great noise would have any effect in opening that door. After this action has been repeated several times it is time to open the library, and then come the readers of Needham.

Owing to the arrival of a box of books and magazines from the other part of the town to be exchanged, the first hour is naturally a very busy one, and then, of course, the most particular people come to the library.

First comes Miss X—, who wants a book,—she is sure of that,—but what kind of a book, whether fiction or history, biog-

raphy or travel, humorous or tragic, she does not know. But after much deliberation and poring over books, she is suited or partially so, and takes her departure, when you think, "What a blessing!"

As misfortunes never comes singly, you expect Mr. Y—, a person in some respects like Miss X—, who is as usual in a great hurry, and who would like to obtain books treating on various subjects and written at different periods of antiquity; then when he learns, much to his displeasure, that it will take some time to find all that he wishes, he decides to leave without anything. But I would not imply that all the Needhamites who visit the Library are at all like Miss X— and Mr. Y—, for between the visits of these two persons, a number of very agreeable people come in with books. They have a pleasant nod and smile for the librarian and their acquaintances in the room, and, after changing their books, leave, when you think with pleasure, "What a difference in people!"

And certainly there is a difference in people, for the next persons who come to the library are two good and garrulous individuals, who, in spite of the rule "No talking aloud," carry on a conversation which so wearies some of the people who are reading that they reluctantly put aside their magazines and leave, but in the case of others, particularly the younger ones, the witnessing of this dialogue has an entirely different effect, and before the talkative ones have left, the girls and boys are in a state of great amusement.

But now the clock points to five minutes of five, and just as you think that your prospect of going home on time looks favorable, in comes a party of school children who want to look up references, ask for magazines, exchange their books, and, if at length you happen to glance at the clock as you go home, you see to your dismay that it points to 5.15.

Again in the evening, at 7 o'clock, the library is opened, and many more come in with their books. Some grumble and scold because of fines which they have incurred by not bringing their books back in time; others enter the room in a great hurry, and not until they have knocked over a chair and a pile of books which some one has been using, do they stop and realize the sensation which they have created.

But more come in during the evening and exchange their books without anything worthy of note happening, and thus the time passes until 9 o'clock, time to shut up the library; so this, of course, puts an end to one "Saturday's Experience;" but dur-

ing my service of the past four years in our Public Library I have made many pleasant acquaintances. Perhaps too often I have been inclined to find much pleasure in the whims and hobbies of different people, but it is my sincerest hope that the free Public Library may continue to be the addition and source of knowledge to Needham that it is now.

For the benefit of those who do not patronize the library, I will add that it contains about five thousand volumes, together with nearly all the popular periodicals and magazines, and the teachers in particular show their appreciation of the many good books by recommending them to their pupils.

Concluding, it may be well to say that although the present quarters are cramped and inconvenient, Needham people may congratulate themselves on the fine collection of books ready to be placed in the new library building, with which, I feel sure, Needham will be favored in the near future.

LEWIS C. TUTTLE, '97.

### A Dream.

Resting in my hammock one sultry summer day with an uninteresting book, the quiet of all nature and stillness of bird and beast overpowered me; that sweet restorer, sleep, stole over me, and I wandered in dreams. I fancied myself in a balloon, on a trip to see the old man in the moon.

The beginning of my aerial voyage was very sad, as I was obliged to bid adieu to my friends on "terra firma." Higher and higher we ascended, gradually objects passed from our sight, until finally Mother Earth was no longer visible.

Then as I began to take in the situation I recovered my spirits, and turning to some one who seemed to be master of ceremonies on this occasion I enquired about food. I found that a liberal supply had been provided, and no anxiety in that direction need be felt.

In time, while the air grew colder and colder, we reached our destination. We

were surrounded by sparkling, brilliant stars, which seemed to welcome us to their atmosphere. Here was the great round moon, which eclipsed them all in beauty, and the veritable old man to cordially receive and entertain us.

I was in another world. I felt light-hearted and free, like a bird in the air. We were shown all the wonders of the moon, chief among them the old man's palace. This was built entirely of silver and gold, and was constructed on the plan of the White House, which, the old man informed me, he had observed through his telescope.

On entering the mansion we were received by the lady of the moon, who had lately arrived from the planet Venus. She was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen, and she said that all the ladies on Venus were as beautiful as she. I was pressed to stay to tea, and on accepting the

invitation was led to a table spread with rich viands.

After tea the master of ceremonies informed me that it was time to return. I bade the old man and his wife farewell, and promised to visit them again soon.

Slowly but surely we descended, and as we neared the old "gilded dome" I felt the

balloon begin to fall. In my terror I screamed aloud and—awoke.

The air was heavy and night coming on, so gathering up my literature I returned to the house, realizing that my moonshine was all a dream, and its brilliant coloring all visionary and gone.

ADELINE W. PHIPPS, '99.

### My Camping Experience.

It had always been my wish to go camping, so when an opportunity was offered last summer, to go to Farm Lake, Sherborn, I was not long in accepting.

Our party was soon chosen, consisting of the writer, his brother, P— and T—. Our preparations were made without delay, and one Monday morning, in the latter part of August, we started.

Our first trouble was in fitting the harness to the horse (we were to take our goods up by team), but this was finally remedied by the aid of the clothes-line. We drove along without further trouble, and came to the Charles river, in Dover, where P— was waiting for us, and was just pulling in a four pound bass. Leaving W. S. behind to assist him, in case the next fish caught should be too large to be pulled in alone, the other two proceeded to Farm Lake. Here, we quickly unloaded the team, and by the time it was done the fishers came along.

In the afternoon the camp was put in good condition and everything fixed for our week's stay. The first night in camp was a decided novelty, so we lay awake for a long time, discussing almost everything.

There is no need of giving a lengthy description of each day's happenings, but only the principal occurrences need to be mentioned.

Our cook must not be forgotten. T— was a daisy, always willing to cook as long as we were willing to eat. We enjoyed his cooking as long as we stayed.

It fell to the lot of the writer to build fires and have wood chopped. This he did well, always seeing that somebody kept

enough cut up, and if any of the others ever wished to try his hand at fire building no objection was ever made.

Another feature of the camp was the "thoroughbred mongrel" to which our cook was devoutly (?) attached. To keep us from being idle this valuable animal would run all over the beds and tear things up generally.

On the third evening in camp a very severe thunder storm occurred, with all the accompaniments of a first-class tempest. And it was a tempest. For about fifteen minutes P— and W— S— held on to the tent flaps; T— ate apples, and the writer did all he could to encourage the rest. It seemed every moment as if the tent would blow away, or some tree would come crashing down upon us, but at last the storm subsided and all was well, excepting a little water which had run in under the tent.

Here a reward for generosity was unexpectedly received. Two of the party had had a discussion as to which side of the tent they should occupy, each wanting the lower side. The writer finally gave up to T—. He received his reward that night, when all the water that leaked in came on the lower side.

Our fishing luck was very poor, and when finally one was caught it was almost decided to frame it.

On Saturday night, during another storm, when we returned to camp, we found three of our Needham friends, including the principal of our school, who is an expert Maine camper, the father of one of the boys and a school friend. We welcomed them

cordially as soon as we saw they had a big basket of food. That night we extended our welcome by giving them our pillows, blankets, etc., and the warmth of their welcome was still further increased by not only giving, but throwing them in our haste for them to get said articles. It reflects great credit upon them that they returned them with same ardor.

Sunday morning was spent in digging up supposed Indian graves. The feature of our Sunday's dinner was a fowl, which,

because it was not boiled but about fifteen hours, was a little tough. In the afternoon our guests departed. A good Baptist deacon sold us tonic, though P— insisted he wouldn't, and with this we made up for the toughness of the fowl. In the evening we received another guest, T—'s father.

Monday, our last day, was spent in getting ready to depart and, after counting up the days before we could come again, we left Sherborn and returned home.

I. SOUTHWORTH, '96.

### George Washington and His Little Hatchet.

#### SAXON.

In these days of sin and folly it is pleasing to the mind to read the old story of George Washington and his little hatchet, a tale which shows most clearly how times have changed.

Once upon a time, quite a long time ago, there lived a boy named George Washington. Having done some work for his father, he was given a little hatchet, quite new and sharp. George wished to try the blade, and so went into the garden, where the leaves and flowers were very beautiful to behold.

He began to cut a little cherry-tree belonging to his father and much prized by him. Before he had cut a little while, however, the tree fell broken in two, to the ground.

At this moment his father came into the garden and saw his much-loved cherry tree cut in twain. Angrily he asked who had done it, and George, after a little pause, burst into tears and said, "Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet." His father was so overjoyed at his telling the truth so bravely that he forgave him and patted him kindly on the head.

Moral: Never tell a lie.

#### CLASSICAL.

In these present days of ultra-amazing and superabundant disregard for the fundamental principles of veracity, it is indeed

refreshing and edifying beyond degree to one's individual mentality, to encounter, in the course of one's symbolic deciphering peregrinations, the antique legend of George Washington and his infinitesimal edged-weapon, a remarkable instance which exhibits transparently the singular transfiguration which time has undergone.

At a certain period in the dim and remote days of a totally vanished antiquity, there existed in complete possession of human faculties and in complete enjoyment of physical freedom a juvenile and masculine representative of humanity, labelled and classified according to the best contemporary ethnological scientists as Georgius Washingtonius. In recognition of certain services rendered and delivered by the juvenile specimen referred to, his paternal progenitor presented him with an infinitesimal edged-weapon, addicted and adjusted to the destruction of solidified vegetable matter.

Possessed and overwhelmed with an irresistible impulse to test the sundering capability of his recently acquired infinitesimal edged-weapon, he precipitated, by and with the assistance of his locomotive powers, the material abode of his personal spiritual essence into a small enclosed area of the terrestrial surface, at that time covered with an exuberant vegetation of emerald hue, interspersed with becoming floral contrasts, a combination furnishing exquisite gratifica-

tion to the beholder's sense of the beautiful.

With the keenness of vision usually characteristic of the bald-headed eagle, the juvenile masculine specimen of humanity recently referred to espied a diminutive specimen of the cherry-tree. As the inexorable law of Kismet would have it, this representative of vegetable growth was one illimitably prized and immeasurably valued by the paternal bestower of the infinitesimal edged-weapon. This coincidence, however, did not deter the infantile Georgius from the execution of an original plan, which he had at that moment formulated. As no "keep-off-the-tree" symbolic representation displayed its ominous banner in the near proximity of the tree in question, Georgius did not feel materially admonished to relinquish the realization of his formulated plan.

With the rapidity of electric progression he hastened to the object at hand, and commenced, in a ferocious and unsympathetic mood, to assault and maltreat to a barbarous degree, by aid of the edged-weapon, the fruit-bearing specimen referred to. The inf. ed. w. ascended and descended with an exceedingly monotonous regularity, till, owing doubtless to the friction generated by the frequent collision with the vegetable matter assailed, and previous to the moment when Georgius recognized where he was at, the cherry-tree was severed and reclined in a demoralized condi-

tion upon the terrestrial surface beneath. The paternal ancestor, to whose benign benevolence and characteristic philanthropy the bestowal of the weapon upon the infantile Georgius was due, at this critical juncture and moment effected entrance into the enclosed space of exuberant vegetation and observed the ample destruction caused by the devastating tendencies of the juvenile mentality. With admirable despatch, though with a slight intermixture of irascible exuberance, he propounded a query as to the why, when and wherefore of the existing state of affairs.

The juvenile antecedent and diminutive emulator of Gladstone, after a short interval of inexpressibly profound silence, with a copious exudation of saline effusion, from his optical orbs, gave utterance and reply, "Oh, my paternal progenitor, inflict not chastisement and retribution. I am, through a strong appreciation of veracity, unable to dissimulate. I did the deed in question with my infinitesimal edged-weapon."

To such an inexplicable degree was the progenitor delighted at this manifestation of filial veracity that he immediately and with despatch pardoned the culprit and stroked gently the offending capital appurtenance.

Moral: At no time dissimulate artificially or dissemble hypocritically unless there be a symptom of success in the undertaking.

E. A. WYE, '98.

### Found at Last.

It was a hot summer day when Mr. Jonas Young arrived at D—. Walking slowly down the street in search of some place where he could procure a mid-day meal, he saw a sign over a door, stating that Mrs. Abby Warner would serve him refreshments. He stepped in, and on making inquiries as to where he could obtain lodgings, found that she would accommodate him in this line, also. Reaching his newly engaged rooms, he sat down to arrange his plans.

Mr. Young was thoroughly discouraged.

For seventeen years he had searched for his lost daughter, during which time his wife had died.

Vera, his daughter, had mysteriously disappeared one day, while her mother supposed she was at play in the yard. Her father had searched ever since, but in vain.

As he sat that summer day, his mind turned to thoughts of his dead wife. True, she had not been very beautiful, but nevertheless very lovable, and had had a beautiful voice.

At last Jonas left his sad thoughts, and

went to the parlor in search of companionship. He found none, and as he sat there the thoughts of his wife returned to him. Suddenly in a remote apartment a voice rang out. And such a voice! Jonas' heart almost stopped beating, and for a moment he thought his dead wife had come back.

Almost unconsciously he followed the sound. Soon he reached a door from behind which the music seemed to come. After a gentle rap he entered, and saw a young lady sitting at a piano. At the opening of the door, she turned and faced him. Jonas stood spellbound! It seemed as if the face of his wife was before him. He kept his presence of mind, however, and, bowing, apologized for his intrusion. She smiled pleasantly, gazing at him with a slightly puzzled air. Jonas asked her name, saying that her face was very familiar.

"My name," said she, "is Vera. I am called Warner, but I don't know my real name. Mrs. Warner adopted me when I was but eight years old."

Jonas waited to hear no more, but cried,

"You are my long-lost daughter, my Vera!"

"Ah," she said, "I had a vague recollection of your face."

An hour later Mrs. Warner was disturbed by a knock at the door of her private sanctum. At her "Come in," Mr. Young and Vera entered. Mr. Young explained that he had come to hear this young lady's history.

Mrs. Warner replied, "I do not know her real name, except the 'Vera.' Thirteen years ago she was left in a room hired for one night by a woman. I could find no clue to her parents; so, having no child of my own, I adopted her, and educated her for a governess. Now, if I may ask, what is Vera to you?"

"Vera," said Jonas, "is my long-lost daughter."

One week later Vera Young and her father arrived at the residence of the latter, where they were heartily welcomed.

They lived in peace, and were finally cremated.

HELEN C. PEABODY, '99.

### Necessity of a New High School Building.

As the high school keeps increasing each year, it becomes evident that the present accommodations are entirely inadequate. At present we have only two rooms, and not very large ones at that. Two classes recite at the same time, one in the recitation room, and one in the study room. This reciting in the latter room interferes with the scholars who are studying there. The apartment in the recitation room used by the chemistry class is entirely too small, but it is as large as can be spared under the present circumstances.

The size of the grounds about the building do not permit the boys to engage in any such games as base ball and foot ball, and were it not for the kindness of the owner of the opposite property, the boys would have to refrain from these games altogether.

The town of Wellesley, although there are not many more attend high school there

than here, has a building valued at about \$40,000; and as the school fund of this town is nearly \$20,000, it seems to me that the town should appropriate the rest, and erect a building costing at least \$30,000 or \$35,000.

Such a building should be erected on a suitable piece of land, and contain a study room large enough for the whole school, two recitation rooms, a physical laboratory, a chemical laboratory, a library and a gymnasium.

With these, and an extra teacher, our school would be the equal of those of towns of like size throughout the state.

The building should be surrounded by spacious grounds, and then the pupils could engage in all kinds of athletic games.

If the town would erect such a building it is safe to say that the school would nearly double in a few years, as the scholars in

the grammar school would look forward to a high school course with greater interest. As it is now, most of the scholars in these schools, after completing their course, go to work in the factories.

As the school increased in size it would take a more prominent part in all branches of athletic sports, and we could then have

a base ball and a foot ball club. We could also probably issue a monthly or quarterly paper.

Let us hope that the town will see fit to erect such a building in the near future, as the lack of room at present is a drawback to the work of the school.

FRANK DONAHUE, '99.

### Keeping Time.

What more important in this work-a-day world with its hurrying multitudes than a record of time, and what more interesting than to note the different ways of keeping it? Since we are told that "Lost time can never be regained," and that "To waste time is a sin, and to improve it a virtue," the thought comes to us, shall we ever learn to value time as we ought, and use the precious moments as though they really were the jewels to which they are so often likened?

From the time of the stately old clocks, which belong to every old-time mansion, down to the present day of bicycle watches, watches in bracelets, and even the minute specimens which adorn a ring, or sleep in the heart of a rose, the same disregard has been shown for the days and hours which might mean so much, but which, in our careless hands, mean so little.

We can almost hear the faithful old sentinel, which has stood so long at the head of the staircase, bewailing the failure of its efforts to bring people to a realizing sense of the time they are wasting, and also hear it sigh :

Well-a-day, well-a-day,  
I've almost ticked my life away,  
I'm weak and worn and well I may,  
Well-a-day, ah! well-a-day.

How swift the precious time has flown,  
And, oh! how worn and old I've grown!  
I've faithfully ticked the hours away,  
And still have failed, ah! well-a-day.

I can almost hear it saying, in trembling accents, "Look at my poor old jaded face and battered sides, which long years and romping children have changed from all the freshness and glory which once were theirs.

Even a strong, grand old clock like me can't stand having dolls hung to its pendulum, or its tall form used as a miniature Bunker Hill monument for naughty boys to climb, that they may view the surrounding country from its summit. If I were to tell of all the indignities I have suffered at the hands of the dear children who have come and gone, I should indeed be an object of pity. But for all that I loved them and the kind friends who came to dust me so carefully. Yes, the time has been long, and I've done my best to tick wisdom into the hearts of those about me. And when I think how sadly I have failed, I feel so shaky and run down that I fear I shall not be able to hold out much longer."

Then think of all the wonderful and varied contrivances of the present day, which are doing their best to make us heed the moments as they fly, yet with no better result than the old clock on the landing.

Even the little French clock, which seems only thinking of dress and show, sings :

Good people all, take heed I say,  
I'm merrily ticking the hours away,  
I'm smart and fine, I'm brave and gay,  
Yet I'm surely ticking the hours away.

I think, after all, that it remains for the clock of the future to teach the lessons which we all so much need to learn, and in this age of progress may we not reasonably expect that in the future, perhaps in our day, some wonderful clock, the result of electrical and mechanical skill, may be made, which, with every swing of the pendulum, will speak words of advice and warning.

If every moment of time were used and

improved, what might we not accomplish ! Let us keep our time, and, in keeping it, learn to value it as the most precious of all gifts.

Of all the gifts which bless the race,  
Or help our varied lives to grace,  
The gift of time will ever be  
Most precious still to you and me.

C. GRACE STEDMAN, '99.

### Mountain Climbing in California.

At five o'clock we started. Our party consisted of four men and a guide, each mounted on a burly, thick-set little mustang.

In half an hour the wagon road had disappeared, and the horses were plodding over the first foot-hills, following a trail not two feet wide. Here the guide spoke, saying, "I don't advise you, senors, to try the mountain today ; you'd better wait a month longer, as I said before." This was uttered with a solemn nod and a knowing look at the mountain.

But we poohood his advice. "The idea, now we were started, to turn back like cowards ! Besides, what could happen ?"

We wondered what the danger was in climbing. It wasn't like the mountains on which a person could get lost, such as we had seen described in books. Why ! it looked but a few hundred feet high, and at the most it could not have been over a mile to the very highest point. Still, the guide said it was dangerous work to climb, and wanted us to wait a month. "O pshaw !" we said, and kept on.

We were soon working up the mountain side and the climbing began. For half a mile the path trailed up through sage brush as high as a man's head, and so thick that in some places it was impregnable ; then the brush grew thinner, and we suddenly stood on the brink of a deep ravine.

The trail was cut into the precipitous banks, and wound laboriously down to the bottom, where a murmuring creek ran, almost hidden from view by tall sycamores and gnarled oaks. Following the guide we descended into the deep shadows of the canon. Here a short rest was made to fasten tighter the girths of the saddles and water the horses (also drinking ourselves), and to fill the canteens, as we could get no

more water until the descent. Then, after winding out of the gulch, the real climbing began.

Around and under immense boulders, delicately poised, ready to start on their path of destruction when the water should loosen them a trifle more ; along the brink of a chasm, hundreds of feet deep, where the misplacing of a foot would send horse and rider to the cruel rocks far below ; and now up and around banks that seemed perfectly perpendicular, the horses picked their way, never stumbling or shying in their task.

Every once in awhile they would stop a minute to catch their breath. Then we would look down upon the path by which we had come, and marvel at our little beasts. Indeed, it was wonderful to see with what care they placed their feet, almost feeling the way. Now the greater part of the climb was over, but the hardest was yet to come. The sun had now reached the meridian and the air was intensely hot, so hot that the water in the canteens was almost heated enough to scald the skin, and it was really painful to place the hand on some uncovered portions of the horse's back.

The climbing now grew rougher. We leaned almost flat on the horses' necks to ease them and let them drag slowly up. As we were tenderfoots the effects of the climb began to manifest themselves on our faces, but the guide appeared as fresh as ever. We now repented somewhat of our folly, and longed for the cool oak grove and thirst-quenching luxuries we had left below us.

Our broad-brimmed sombreros shielded our heads from the direct rays of the sun, but the atmosphere was stifling. Still the

poor horses, who were doing all the work, rarely stopped, never seemed dissatisfied, and panting like steam engines, crept slowly up the brown-paved breast of the mountain.

In some places recent landslides had carried away the trail and we had to go painfully around the slippery hollow leading to destruction, scooped by the falling debris. This was dangerous work, and more than once a horse would begin to slide down the steep, sandy bank. Then the rider, dismounting and throwing the end of the lariat, one end of which was fastened around the horse's neck, we would catch it and pull up the horse with the rider hanging on its tail. In other places fallen timber had blockaded the way, and we had to work in the swelter-

ing sun, cutting away the obstruction. Thus we proceeded, covering, on an average half a mile an hour. Of course, this was not ordinary climbing. We were the first that spring to attempt the mountain, and the storms of a hard winter had made the traveling what it was, and we now wished we had taken the advice of the guide.

The work seemed harder and harder, and the trail seemed covered with stones and trunks, and even the horses looked tired. Still we crept on. At last we saw above our heads the brink of what seemed to be a plateau. In a minute we had reached the summit, and the climb was over.

WALTER S. THACHER, '99.

### A Botanizing Expedition.

As the botany class had been told of a place where dog-tooth violets grow, and this being a very rare flower, they wished to procure a specimen to analyze, and also in order to have one rare flower in their herbarium.

Accordingly one afternoon in May at about 2 o'clock, three members of the class, including myself, started from Needham towards Dedham, the place where these flowers grow, to try to find them, without knowing anything about the flower except that the color was yellow and the shape like a bell.

After walking for two miles or more, we came to a house at which there was an auction. Of course we could not resist stopping to see what was being sold, but did not purchase anything, as a number of cranberry rakes and a coal-sieve were all the things that were auctioned off while we remained there.

Remembering that we had started with the intention of finding violets, and not of going to an auction, we again journeyed on for another mile or so, and it was with great joy that we saw the cart-road which we had been directed to take, in order to find the place where the dog-tooth violets

grew. Reaching the place to which we were directed, we searched long and faithfully, but could find nothing that looked like a flower except a few pieces of columbine.

Very tired and disappointed at not finding the violets, we were sitting on the grass, resting and dreading the long walk home, when a clap of thunder caused us to look overhead to see that the sky was all clouded over and looked as if a shower would soon be upon us.

Hastily rising to our feet we started quickly towards home, but we had not gone far before the rain came down, and we were obliged to take refuge on the porch of a vacant house, where we remained till the shower was over. Then we went forth, and this time reached Needham safely, but not until after 6 o'clock.

That evening while reading a book about flowers I found a description of the dog-tooth violet, and as I have never seen the flower myself and therefore cannot describe it, I will give the description that was in the book :

"The dog-tooth violet is no more a violet than a tulip is. The root is a bulb very deep in the earth. From it rises one smooth

stem bearing a pair of handsomely mottled long lanceolate elliptical leaves, shining on the under side, and on the upper of a mealy green, blotched with purple. Above there is the one flower, a spreading yellow lily, veined with brown and supposed to bear at the base marks as if a dog had bitten a piece out—whence the name. The flower

shuts up towards night, but is wide open about eleven in the forenoon."

I think if we had read this description, and known that the flower shut up towards night, and had started earlier, we might have been more successful than we were.

MABEL H. ELLIS, '97.

### A Few Words About Needham.

During my strolls about Needham the idea has occurred to me, do all the people of the town realize what an attractive place it is? How much nature has done for it? In what other town can one find a more beautiful avenue than our Great Plain, with its cool shade, over-arching elm trees and smooth road?

How restful it must be to any one coming from the city not to hear the din of machinery from factories, and be obliged to breathe air polluted with smoke.

It may sound partial, but it does seem as if very few places could offer the attractions that our town does as a place of residence, everything to make it desirable. To a lover of flowers the wild ones that are so abundant and of such a variety would allure one here. Such violets, and such a quantity of them! It seems as if they could not grow in any other place in such profusion as they do in dear old Needham. It certainly makes the study of botany a pleasure to have so much interesting ma-

terial without taking much trouble to look it up.

And then there are the people. Where can you find a more whole-souled and genial community? Perhaps a little cold and repellent to strangers, but having become identified with the town you are made welcome with a heartiness and cordiality which few places show, and which is never found in the city.

It is only because modesty prevents me that I do not here give some laudatory remarks upon our excellent high school. The inclination is almost too strong to resist. Let me here say that I think every one in the school appreciate the untiring efforts of that member of the school board who gives so much of her time and energy to school matters. May she long remain in her present position, for where should we find another who could fill the place so acceptably? For the teachers and other school officers, also, we have a hearty appreciation.

ELSIE F. WAIT, '99.

### Observations from a Corner Seat.

How many things may one observe from a corner seat. The girls, as well as boys, generally when the teacher appears not to be looking are in some kind of mischief.

Sometimes a boy takes his ruler from his desk and slyly pokes another, just to see him jump and scowl and look around at him as if to say, "What did you do that for?"

Others write notes and throw them to scholars two or three seats off. Some are occupied in seeing how well they can suc-

ceed in putting something down the neck of the one that sits in front of them, while another, still more mischievous, takes great pleasure in pinning the cape of the young lady that sits in front of him to his desk.

With their books in their hand shielding their faces, the scholars whisper to one another about what the next lesson is to be, the ball game that is to take place in the afternoon, the party that is to be in the evening, or some such occurrence.

One of the girls will put something down another's neck, and make those around her laugh until tears come in their eyes at her efforts to get the thing out. Suddenly a paper ball will come flying across the room, striking some more studious boy on the head, making him glance up with a "Why! where did that come from?" Look, books fall to the floor with a bang, and rustling papers help to make a racket.

But these are only the mischievous things done by the boys and girls, and such are common occurrences in an ordinary schoolroom. Neither is it that all the scholars are mischievous or help to make a disturbance. The majority are all good boys and girls, willing and ready to help the teachers in anything they may ask.

You will notice some bending over their algebra papers, frowning and wondering what can be the matter with that troublesome example. Others are studying history, perhaps learning the preamble to the constitu-

tion. While two classes are reciting, others may be studying the lessons given to them to be recited the next period, most of them studying hard all the time, and giving no attention to funny things said or done by others.

And so time goes on, with some laughing or studying, until the time comes for dismissal. Then there is a stir, and books and papers go into desks in a hurry, the general desire being to get through first.

Altogether a corner seat is a very good place from which to observe the sayings and doings of the girls and boys of the schoolroom, and if one knows how to study character they have a good chance to study it. May be you don't like to have a corner seat, but it is just as good as any of the others, sometimes better. Anyway, your observations all tend to keep you good-natured, and not inclined to be unhappy.

JOSEPHINE E. BLACKMAN, '96.

### An Afternoon in Medfield.

An afternoon in Medfield may not be more interesting than one in Needham, or any other place, but it seemed to be so to four members of the class of '97.

May 15, 1896, the Women's Club celebrated what is known as "Hannah Adams' day." I don't know much about Hannah Adams, except that she was a New England authoress and historian, born in 1755 and died in 1831, and was the first person buried in Mount Auburn cemetery.

At 2 o'clock we entered the Unitarian church. The meeting was opened by Mrs. Washburn, president of the club. A short history of the life of Hannah Adams was then read by Miss Rosa Allen, written by Mrs. Tilden, which told of her many struggles through life, and how, under great difficulties, she wrote a history of the United States, a history of the Jews, and other books.

Among the speakers of the afternoon were Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney and Mrs. Helen Winslow. The

latter spoke to the high school girls, of how many more advantages girls have now than they had at the time of Hannah Adams. In speaking of colleges, among other things, she said that Medfield had sent the youngest girl to Radcliffe that had been sent this year. We did not agree with Mrs. Winslow on that point, for that girl, though of Medfield, was educated in the Needham high school, and not in Medfield.

A large picture of Miss Adams was presented to the Medfield Historical Society, eliciting from Mr. Lovell, president of the association, a short, interesting response.

Among other speakers were Rev. Mr. Bush, a former pastor of the church, and George Ellis of Boston.

Several interesting stories of Hannah Adams' life were told by the different speakers, one of which ran thus:

One Sunday morning, when Hannah was a young girl, she and her father started for church on horseback; unnoticed by her father, Hannah slipped to the ground.

When her father arrived at the church and found her missing, he rode back, and, to his great surprise, found her sitting in the road, reading as if nothing had happened. She was very absent-minded and did many odd things. It has been said that she would stop people on the street and ask them what her name was and where she lived. Though related as true, this story seems rather incredible.

After the meeting a pleasant ride afforded us a view of the town, which heretofore we thought small and unimportant, but now found singularly interesting and beautiful. Prominent among the fine residences of the town are Col. Mitchell's, Mr. Harwood's, Dr. Angel's and Mr. Curtis'. There is also a large straw shop, Elmwood Hotel and the town hall, situated near the centre of the town. In our drive down the old Elm Road we passed King Phillip's cottage and the Peak house, the only ones which remain of old Medfield since the burning of the town in 1675 by the Indians.

A person visiting Medfield should not fail to visit these places of interest. It was now almost time to start for home, and there

was still one more place our party desired to visit, the new State Insane Asylum, so we turned in that direction, but when we arrived at the old Ellis farmhouse and were asked to go in and see the old-fashioned kitchen, we could not resist the temptation. Such a grand old kitchen! The old fireplace, and all the old dishes, pictures and spinning-wheel, and everything shone so brightly that the only boy of our party remarked the next day, that the neat, old-fashioned kitchen kept him awake all night. And not the least interesting and charming of all we saw in this ancient dwelling is the venerable, silver-haired lady who presides over it. It was the chance of a lifetime to enter such a place, and I would advise anyone who has the opportunity to visit the old Ellis farm to do so, for probably there is not another such kitchen in New England.

After leaving this house, a short drive brought us to the asylum, which consists of twenty-six red brick buildings. As it was now time for our train, we turned our backs on Medfield, slightly tired, but all felt amply repaid for our day's journey.

ALIDA E. RILEY, '97.

### Arbitration.

In my mind the time is soon coming when war, as a means of settling disputes between nations, will be done away with, when its horrible carnage and the useless slaughter of thousands of human beings will cease, and all troubles will be settled by the peaceful means of arbitration. That this time is not far off is shown by the fact that the Venezuelan troubles, which recently occasioned so much war talk among some of our newspapers, is being settled by a commission appointed by the president. When two citizens get into a dispute, they are not considered at all dignified if they resort to force. How much less dignified, then, is it for nations to have twenty or thirty thousand men killed off to settle a trouble. Some wars in the past may have been excusable, as for instance the American Revolution, but in the future I think that there will never be any reasonable

cause for war. It is time now, in the advanced stage of civilization that the world is now in for people to give up thoughts of war, and turn their minds to some peaceful occupation. And a war between any of the great nations at the present time would be attended by far greater slaughter and loss of life than ever before. With the terrible guns which have been invented, it would be impossible to be otherwise. Some think that there will be one more great war, and that that will be the last, but in the minds of many others the last great war has been finished. There may be some smaller ones, as the one between China and Japan, Cuba and Spain, but between the United States and Great Britain, or any of the other great nations of the world, there will probably be everlasting peace, thanks to the influence of arbitration.

R. C. SOUTHWORTH, '97.



# INSPIRATIONS

FROM  
THE  
MUSE.

"Sing, Heavenly Muse,...

... I thence

Invoke thy aid to my adventurous

song."

DEPARTMENT EDITOR—EMILY E. WILLETT.

## Phantoms of the Day.

O'er a wild desert sand,  
'Neath an orient sky,  
The traveler wends slowly his meandering way;  
Scans the caelian band,  
Low circling the land,  
While fierce from its vantage on high  
Speeds the helian ray, making sultry the day,  
O'er the wide wealth of desert bare, reaching away.  
No crystal spring with fertile banks,  
No brooklet cool with verdant flanks,  
But reaching unlimitedly in its stead  
The desert sand, shielding the bones of the dead.

He is spent, he must die,  
And nought will avail,  
When sudden arises a wonderful sight  
'Neath the hot, sultry sky,  
'Mid the desert dry.  
He sees the longed oasis lie in the trail,  
While the palm-leafy green in its splendor is seen  
And the crystal flow flexes the helian sheen.  
The glad cry breaks, but lo, it is gone!  
The desert-born phantom mist vanishes on,  
And a few more bones are covered away,  
And tenderly hid from the light of the day.  
'Mid the fair Grecian isles,  
On the foam-crested sea,  
A pinnace is breasting the billowy waves,  
And the heaven sweet smiles,  
In its orient wiles,  
As the sailormen sing in the fulness of glee.  
As the passage abates, through the sea-swirling straits,

From a near lying isle comes the call of the Fates,  
The song of the sirens, so wondrous and sweet.  
The sailor restraineth his voyaging fleet,  
And filled with the sense of a longing delight  
Drifts nearer the island so seemingly bright.

Afloats the wild song  
O'er the translucent sea;  
Entrancéd in wonder, transfixéd and dumb,  
The men drift along  
As the stern billows throng,  
While wilder and fiercer the sirens become,  
And the white billows swell, while their furious well  
Holds the sailormen tight in its magical spell.  
Ah, the ship strikes on the low-lying rock,  
The sirens have vanished with faces that mock,  
But a few more bones in the dark ocean breast,  
But a few more souls in the billowy rest.

All that doth seem,  
Is the semblance of being;  
The far away cow has a golden made horn,  
And often I deem  
Of the wonders that seem,  
In the ocean of life we are constantly seeing,  
Ay, often I deem, that the wonders which seem  
Are nought but the forms of a phantastic dream;  
That the ocean of life  
Is the whirl of its strife,  
Is but the collision of shadows that throng,  
As transient echo of transient song.

ERNEST A. WYE, '98.

## A Rejected Class Ode.

Dear classmates, we part, like a baker's tart,  
That's soggy and full of grease;  
And on our school-life,  
With its trouble and strife,  
We gladly would take a new lease.

Dear classmates, we part, on life's journey to start,  
The journey that lasts until death;  
We'll work and we'll strive

For the rest of our lives,  
Till away goes our last earthly breath.

Dear classmates, farewell; we know very well,  
There's lots that we don't know yet;  
But in passing notes  
And casting votes,  
We cannot be beat, I'll bet.

I. SOUTHWORTH, '96.





EMERY GROVER.

School Committee 1868-'70; 1876-'82; 1884-'96.

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GEO. W. SOUTHWORTH, PRINTER, CHRONICLE OFFICE, NEEDHAM.

THIS year, when Judge Grover retired from the school board, the schools lost the services of one who has always had a deep interest in their work and welfare, and who has faithfully served the town in this position for nearly twenty years. During all this time he has always acted for the advancement of the schools in every way. We shall miss him and his influence. The Advocate, in behalf of the high school, wishes to thank Mr. Grover for the efforts he made at town meeting to secure some action on the part of the town in regard to a high school building. We believe but for his persistency in bringing the matter before the town that no action would have been taken. This is but one of

the many ways in which Mr. Grover has shown his interest in the welfare and necessities of the school.



THE most notable improvement which has been made for some time in the Needham high school has been the introduction, during the past year, of the Harvard Experimental Method of teaching physics. This course, which is in operation in many of the larger high schools, but as yet in but few of the smaller, is adapted to give the pupil the maximum amount of scientific training, while the experiments selected are such as are practical and beneficial. Not a large outlay is required for the apparatus, and if a school possesses its own working tools much can be manufactured by the pupils themselves. During the first half of the year, when our class in physics was working in mechanics, we purchased an amount of apparatus which could as well have been made by members of the class had we been provided with tools, and at a saving of 50 to 75 per cent. Since the tools have been added, appliances amounting to some seventeen or eighteen dollars have been made, nearly enough to pay for the tools purchased, and much more can be made. This was surely a good investment.



WHY should all graduation preparations be made and all rehearsals held outside of school hours? In '93 and '94 the largest part was done in school. Now it all has to take place outside. Is this school work or not? If it is, then it should not be compulsory to have it done outside. If it is not, why are they held? Most of the pupils have study and other work enough to keep them busy outside of school hours, without adding this to it. During May and a part of June the Advocate takes a great deal of time. Of course this is regarded as outside work and is prepared accordingly. We think that the benefit we derive from the Advocate is much greater than that derived from gradu-

ation. Now, with the Advocate in preparation, the same amount of studying to be done up to the last day of school, and several of the pupils studying music, it is very hard to add graduation rehearsals to this. If the school authorities do not consider the advantages from a graduation sufficient to take the time from the school, we would suggest that they be discontinued.



**I**N OUR local column is the query as to whether one school entertainment and no public day is an improvement over last year. We answer, no. The improvement would have been to have had several public days and no entertainment. The objection to drill for graduation in school hours is that it takes time from school work. In an entertainment, such as was given by the class of '97 the CLASS received no benefit. In the recent cantata the benefit received was so little that it can be disregarded at once. For an example of the time taken from school, one pupil lost four study periods and five recitations, and failed in others on account of not having time for home study. If this amount of time can be taken from school, NO BENEFIT being received, why can we not take a little more for graduation preparation (which would be extended over a longer period, and thus would not be nearly so disadvantageous) and receive enough benefit to pay for it?



**I**F ANY of the town people doubt the necessity of a new high school building, perhaps a brief account of the difficulties under which the senior class is laboring will convince them, if they are to be convinced, that we must have better accommodations if we are to have a school. When, a few months ago, it was discovered that the high school course of studies was wrong, the senior and ex-junior classes in physics were put together, and whereas the seniors performed one experiment in a recitation, now it takes three or more recitations to get through one, besides staying after

school hours. If now we had a new building, we could have a physical laboratory well fitted up with apparatus, the lack of which is the cause of the present condition of affairs. According to the course prescribed for admission to Harvard, forty experiments must be performed by the applicant. On May 1 the class had performed eighteen. At this rate the whole might be finished by Christmas, but meanwhile the senior class will have graduated. At the same time when this change was made, the same two classes were united in German. The average lesson was two pages, and toward the end of the year even this was diminished to one. The members of the senior class, who are intending to continue their studies, endured this as long as possible, and then formed a class by themselves. They take lessons more than ten times the length of those taken by the rest of the class. They feel that as they have shown the ability and willingness to do this, some better advantages are due them. If the school had another teacher the difficulty could be easily remedied. During the entire year the seniors and sub-seniors have recited Latin together. Naturally the sub-seniors do not know so much about the language as the seniors, and the latter are therefore obliged to take shorter lessons. The result is that they have read less Latin than they did last year when they were less acquainted with the language. The class feel that in the ways mentioned they have been kept back and have not accomplished as much as they might have with better conveniences. They express the hope that while they themselves will not be able to secure better advantages, the coming senior class may obtain what they have lacked.



**W**E NOTICE that last year's Advocate asks, "Where is the stereopticon?" The answer is a very simple and sufficient one, namely: that we have no gas. No doubt a large expense is incurred in the running expenses of the high school, but it seems as if the few dollars which would be needed to buy a supply of gas

sufficient to last a long time would not be noticed in the year's expenses. A great deal can be illustrated to good advantage in a short time, and we should NEED to use it but two or three times a term, although, of course oftener use would not be money wasted. Mr. Judkins has furnished considerable, without which we should not have been able to use it at all. It is a valuable aid in such lessons as botany, chemistry and astronomy, and it seems wrong to be obliged to forego the use of it, since procuring it cost the town nothing. Cannot \$5, if more cannot be spared, be put to this use next year?



**L**AST year the high school, on account of its weakness in singing was obliged to call in the grammar school to help them—or, at least, they were called upon. THIS year, the grammar school evidently was not considered strong enough, but some of the townspeople were called upon. Instead of a graduation it was a HIGH SCHOOL CONCERT, so called. A number of persons upon entering asked us, "What is this? I thought it was a high school concert." What we would like to know is this: if the high school was not capable of carrying the program out, why was it attempted? In our opinion when tickets are bought for a high school concert professional music is not expected. Granting this we think we have three in the school who were perfectly capable of rendering the soprano solos in the cantata. Of course bass and tenor soloists were needed, but if so many were needed in the chorus, outside the school, we consider the piece was not appropriate, to say the least, for the school, and therefore should not have been attempted, not that we do not appreciate the willingness and kindness of those who did assist and gave their services. We do appreciate it and thank them for it, but if the school could not carry it through, we think, as before stated, that it should have been dropped out of fairness to the scholars.



**N**O TEACHER has ever had the interests of the high school more at heart than C. L. Judkins. Since entering the school, four years ago, we have ever found him ready and willing to give any assistance in his power. He has always explained any point clearly and concisely. In recitations he has made it a point to have the class understand thoroughly each lesson. To every pupil who wished to learn and who did faithful work he has been a sincere friend. It has been our personal experience that we have had no trouble unless there was sufficient cause to warrant it. We are confident that every faithful scholar in the school will sustain us in these statements. Moreover, we have never heard or heard of any past or present pupil making public complaints about Mr. Judkins, unless it may have been one or two, who, by inattention to study or other sufficient causes have meritedly received some punishment. When our principal came to the school there was hardly \$50 worth of apparatus in the school building. Now we have over \$500 worth. A great deal of this has been made by him and ALL procured through his efforts.



**W**E HAVE heard not a few remarks occasioned by the fact that during this year not a single public day has been held. Over twenty have asked us, "When are you going to have a public day?" We cannot say who is responsible for not having them. At first we were told to wait until after Thanksgiving. After Thanksgiving we heard no more until about a month and a half ago. Many of the pupils were then engaged on the Advocate, but, nevertheless, a number of the seniors prepared selections and had several rehearsals. The next we heard was that all public exercises must be held in the afternoon. We did not know from whom the order was received, but of course understood that it meant after school hours. Taking this view of the case, those who had been preparing pieces felt justified in not carrying out their original intentions, not so much

because they were not willing to remain after school, as that they thought if no more importance was placed in such exercises by the school authorities, that it was not worth while to carry out the program. Afterwards, it was said that this order did not mean after school, but after twelve o'clock. If this was meant the scholars are wondering what advantage this could be, as all their parents and friends would, at that time, be engaged with dinner. This explanation is hard to accept, but of course it must be so. By members of other classes we have been told how much good these exercises did them. Now, under these circumstances, is it to be wondered at if the graduation exercises fall below par? We do not think it is. The scholars surely have done their part. The fault, we believe, does not lie in the school nor the teachers. Beyond this we know nothing.

The class will endeavor to do their best, and if they are not as successful as other classes have been, we ask that the public will kindly take into consideration our lack of preparation and excuse us on that ground.



OUR business managers this year have met with a pleasant reception almost everywhere. Very few have refused us their advertisements. To those who have so very generously aided us in this way, we extend our hearty thanks, and recognize that it shows an interest in our school and school undertakings. Those who did not help us in this way, who could do so as well as not, we infer take no special interest in our work. We hope as far as possible our scholars will remember our advertisers when in need of anything in their lines.

### Business Manager's Report for 1895.

Thinking that the people of the town, who so generously assist us in publishing this paper, by their subscriptions and adver-

tisements, would be interested in a concise statement of our finances, I submit the following report:

DR.	CR.
Car fare,	\$ 1.95
Printing,	94.50
Engravings,	17.00
Group for half tone,	1.00
Paid subscription editor,	1.00
Postage,	1.31
Total,	\$116.76
	Receipts from advertisements, \$87.50
	Sales, 29.70
	Total, 117.20
	Unexpended balance, \$0.44

W. M. SOUTHWORTH.

### A Rejected Class Ode.

Tune: "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton." (Published by Request.)

We meet here, my classmates, with pleasure and pain,  
With pain for our school-days now quite passed away,  
With hopes for the future, the brightest and best,  
Both equally mingle our feelings today.  
With sorrow our teachers and schoolmates we leave,  
Whom long with enjoyment and profit we've known;  
But always some gleaming of lore let us add  
To that which our tutors already have sown.

Though duty may lead us in paths far remote,  
And thus as a class, we may ne'er again meet,  
We'll never dissensions among us let rise,  
But still in our thoughts oft each other will greet.  
We'll enter unflinching upon our life's work,  
With trust that our study has not been in vain,  
And ever, when tempted to rest by the way  
Remember with gladness there's yet more to gain.  
W. M. SOUTHWORTH.

## Class Ode.

Tune: *America.*

Adieu! loved school, adieu!  
We've walked long years with you,  
A studious band.  
And you will ever be  
Enshrined in memory,  
Where'er our lot shall be  
Throughout this land.

And as we now shall part,  
We feel with throbbing heart,  
We must be true;  
And bravely enter ways  
Of strife in coming days,  
To gain an honored praise  
From men and you.

Goodbye, dear school, goodbye,  
When parted, you and I  
May never meet.  
But as a happy band,  
May we in that fair land  
Beyond the Golden Strand,  
Each other greet.

With faces toward the day,  
We'll hasten on our way  
To win life's prize.  
And when our work is done,  
And vict'ry's crown is won,  
And seen the setting sun,  
Through weary eyes,

We'll still remember well,  
And ever gladly tell  
Of school days here,  
And pray that God will send  
Blessings that never end  
To every schoolmate, friend  
And teacher dear.

MARION R. STEVENS.



## Class of 1896. Motto, "Workers Win."

On the last day of June, 1878, Edith May Willgoose, valedictorian of her class, first opened her eyes upon this world. She does not remember anything of importance that happened to her in the early years of her existence, but does recollect the first day that she was allowed to go to school, of which she gives no account. We infer that it was an unpleasant one, or so pleasant that words cannot describe it. She attended the Dwight school until fourteen years of age, when she entered the high school. Although she has enjoyed most of her

studies, Algebra and German have been her favorites. She has filled the office of vice-president of '96 since her entrance in the school.



When Phœbus was mounting his chariot on the thirteenth of September, 1877, in that part of Somerville known as Winter Hill, Marion Rachel Stevens made her first appearance in this world. The first six years of her life were spent in her native place. From Winter Hill she moved

to Needham, where she has since resided. She attended the Dwight school at the Centre for six years, and then entered the N. H. S. with the class of '96. Although living a long distance from school, she has been very regular in attendance.



Agnes Mary Smith was born in Charles River Village on the second of December, 1879. She began her education in the Parker school of that village at the age of seven. Attending that school until the grammar year, she went to the Kimball grammar one year, and then entered Needham high. Her deportment in the school has always been excellent, and her study conscientious.



Josephine Elizabeth Blackman was born in Needham, January 7, 1878. She began her school life in her native town when she was six years of age. She is much interested in music, especially the violin, and intends to prepare herself more thoroughly in that art after she graduates. We should feel proud to have among our scholars one of such musical ability. She has given the scholars of the high school much enjoyment by the music which she produces upon her violin.



On the thirtieth of June, 1880, Alice Mansfield Twigg was born on Central avenue, Needham. When one year old her parents moved to Needham proper, and at four years of age she moved to Highlandville. She began to attend school at the age of six, and entered the high school when twelve. She is the only girl in her class that has taken the four years' course of Latin. German has also been a study to which she adapts herself with great zeal. Her recitations in both these languages are marked by their excellence, it being an extremely rare occurrence to hear "not prepared" from her.

The twenty-third day of December, 1877, is memorable as the birthday of Ella Maud Horrocks, who was born in a house situated at the foot of Union street, Highlandville, where she still lives. When six years old she began her school life in the Avery school, where she remained until the year 1892, when, having successfully passed the examination, she entered the high.



On the tenth day, the seventh month, the one thousand eight hundred and seventyninth year, the salutatorian of the class of eighteen hundred and ninety-six was born in Needham. His name as you may like to know was Irving Southworth. Although one of the youngest in the class he has taken a high rank among them. He has always lived in Needham and has attended the Kimball school, going through the various grades there successfully. For the last year he has acceptably filled the position of secretary of his class. He has been a regular attendant of class meetings, and as regularly makes motions to adjourn before the business is finished. This seems to be his chief object in attending such meetings.



On the day the cities and towns throughout our broad land were celebrating the one hundred and twenty-first anniversary of the birth of Lafayette, a child was born in Needham who received the name of John Francis Gilfoil. He entered the Kimball school in the fall of '92, where he has missed but a few days during the entire course. He has always taken a prominent part in all athletic games, and has been a favorite with the whole school. It is said that in his younger days he was always smiling, so that his face was rounded out like a pumpkin. Of his many studies he has enjoyed history most.



He who bears the name of Winthrop Morton Southworth appeared upon the scene of earth's conflicts November 15,





Charles B. Moseley. John F. Gilfoil. Marion R. Stevens. Irving Southworth.  
Agnes M. Smith. Edith M. Willgoose. Josephine E. Blackman. Winthrop M. Southworth.  
Alice M. Twigg. Ella M. Horrocks.

1877, although no active part beyond doing considerable "kicking"—which, by the way, accomplished nothing—was taken by him. He remembers very little of the first few years of his life and hardly more about his later years. His first recollection of school life is buying a primer at the dry goods store of W. R. Foster in Odd Fellows' block. His earliest achievement was to learn to "stick type," and although he does not consider himself a "chef" he considers himself capable of making "pi" with anyone. He entered the high school with the class of '96, where he has taken an active part, especially the last two years. The whole four years he has filled the position of president of his class very suc-

cessfully. He has also been most efficient in his help with the Advocate.



Out of a Greek class of twelve, one only keeps bravely on, Charles Bartlett Moseley, born in Needham, Mass., March 27, 1877. He entered the Kimball primary at the age of seven years, and passed his examinations for high school in 1892. At an early age he began the study of art, and has drawn many designs for the benefit of the high school, the inside design of the cover of the Advocate and also the headings of several departments in the inside of our school paper of this year, showing something of the skill which he has acquired.



DEPARTMENT EDITOR—ELIZABETH A. FITZGERALD.

The Lyceum, Los Angeles, Cal., has a very pretty design for a cover.



It would improve the Washingtonian, Vancouver, Washington, very much to have a cover.



The June number of the Melrose High School Life contained an excellent account of its graduation.



We congratulate the Radiator, New Haven, Conn., on their January number. It is very neat looking.



Two of our best exchanges are the Reflector, New Britain, Conn., and the Radiator, New Haven, Conn.

It would be a good plan for some of our exchanges to print the name of the city or town and state in which the school is situated, on the front cover or some other prominent place.



Among the best of these graduation reports are those contained in the Normal Exponent of Los Angeles, Cal., the H. S. Life of Melrose, Mass., and the H. S. Advocate of Needham, Mass.



The Radiator is pleased to see the Needham Advocate upon its table again, and notices with pleasure its changed appearance. We are only sorry, however, that the Advocate does not publish oftener, for we are sure they would make a success if they did so.

**Characteristics of the Class of '96.**

COMPILED BY EMILY E. WILLETT.

NAME.	WEIGHT.	HEIGHT.	DATE OF BIRTH.	RELIGIOUS PREFERENCE.	CHARACTER.	EXPRESSION OF COUNTENANCE.
W. M. Southworth, Irving Southworth,	132 113	lbs. 5 ft. 4 3-4 in. 5 ft. 4 3-4 in.	Nov. July Mar.	15, 1877. 19, 1879. 27, 1877.	Congregationalist Protestant. Baptist.	Doubtful. Good on Sundays. Steady.
Charles B. Moseley, John Gilfoil,	123 140	" 5 ft. 7 1-2 in. 5 ft. 7 1-2 in.	Sept.	6, 1878.	Catholic. Catholic.	Sleepy most of the time. Sober.
Josephine Blackman, Ella Horrocks,	125 1-4 105	" 5 ft. 9 1-2 in. 5 ft. 3 in.	Jan. Dec.	7, 1878. 23, 1877.	Catholic. Congregationalist	Saintly. Mild.
Marion Stevens, Agnes Smith, Alice Twigg, Edith Willgoose,	126 101 1-2 160 125	" 5 ft. 6 in. 5 ft. 4 in. 5 ft. 7 in. 5 ft. 4 3-4 in.	Sept. Dec. June June	13, 1877. 2, 1879. 30, 1880. 30, 1878.	Jovial. Congregationalist Congregationalist Unitarian. Unitarian.	Merry. Demure. Serious. Complacent. Coquettish.
NAME.	OPINION OF OPPOSITE SEX	NICKNAME.	POLITICS.	FUTURE OCCUPATION.	FAVORITE EMPLOYMENT.	
W. M. Southworth, Irving Southworth, Charles B. Moseley, John F. Gilfoil, Josephine E. Blackman, Ella M. Horrocks, Marion R. Stevens, Agnes M. Smith, Alice M. Twigg, Edith M. Willgoose.	Inconsistency personified. Depends on who they are. Indifferent. They're pretty good. Don't know. They're lovely. One is good. Indifferent. Fair in their way. Good for nothing (?)	Chronicle. Delicate. Indifferent. Jake. Don't have 'em.	Not a Democrat. Republican. Republican. Democrat. Republican. Republican. Prohibitionist. Republican. Democrat. Independent.	Journalism. No one knows. Distinguished artist. Ranch-owner. Music. Hard telling. Kindergarten teaching. Undecided. Teaching. Type-writer.	Journalism. No one knows. Drawing and painting. Ball Playing. Don't know. Fancy work. Studying German. Reading. Studying German. Studying music.	Throwing notes in school. Watching trains. Drawing and painting. Ball Playing. Don't know.

# LOCALS

ACS  
97

DEPARTMENT EDITORS—FLORENCE E. CROSSMAN, ETHEL M. WILLETT.

—How is the D. W. D. C. L. L. A.?

—A new dictionary has been purchased for the school this year.

—The seniors and sub-seniors have class pins of very pretty designs.

—A railing which has long been needed, has been put around the flag pole.

—"Du bist en Affe" (monkey) was translated by a senior, "You are an ace."

—Who would like to be leader of '98, but is squelched by the petticoat government?

—Ah, Master C—, it was cold in the recitation room when you borrowed Miss C—'s cape.

—What made Miss C— change her mind and play at the cantata after she declared so vehemently that she wouldn't?

—Why were the Glee club so astonished at the announcement of their dancing rehearsal on the board one morning?

—The class in Cicero feel highly complimented to know that on an average some members of the class learn every other lesson.

—The parts for graduation this year are: Salutatory, I. Southworth; Class Prophecy, W. M. Southworth; Valedictory, Edith M. Willgoose.

—Miss A— de L— is apt to look at the roofs of the houses for the answers to the questions asked her by the teacher. Shade of her brother of '95.

—The sub-seniors have the distinction of being the smallest class in school. They have at present eight members, two having dropped out during the year.

—The class of '97 and a few of the seniors studied French three months and then, much to the sorrow of the majority, were obliged to take German.

—Our patriotic banner, having been in so many battles, we think it would be a good idea for some one to give us a new one. The town has not given us one since we have had a flag, and we do not suppose they will. Therefore, we make this suggestion.

—The officers of the classes are as follows:

'96. Pres., W. M. Southworth.  
V. P., Edith M. Willgoose.  
Sec. and Treas., I. Southworth.  
Colors, silver and garnet.  
Flower, Jack Rose.

'97. Pres., Roy C. Southworth.  
V. P., Lewis C. Tuttle.  
Sec. and Treas., George Parmenter.  
Colors, gold and white.  
Flower, Marguerite.

'98. Pres., Isabelle P. Boyd.  
V. P., Adah G. Fuller.  
Sec., Ethel M. Willett.  
Color, rose pink.

'99. Pres., F. L. Carter, Jr.  
V. P., Fred S. Bullard.  
Sec., Helen C. Peabody.  
Treas., Ella Tuttle.  
Colors, red and blue.

—The new fence on our school-yard is a great improvement to the grounds.

—Miss J— thinks Martin Luther raised an army to fight the Roman Catholic church.

—What person is so smart that he only has to study fifteen minutes a day? (Ask F— B—.)

—Teacher: What is a committee which sits all the time called?

Class: A standing committee.

—One of '99's grammarians, when asked for the feminine of lad said "laddess," and then thought perhaps it was "ladder."

—"Ecquid animadvertis silentium horum" has been translated by a Cicero pupil, "Why do you listen to the silence of these?"

—Last September there were fifty-eight scholars enrolled. Now, there having been five dropped out, there are only fifty-three on our list.

—Miss W— was not satisfied with destroying her own dress with ethylene, but had to burn one of her classmate's and color the clothes of another red.

—Did any class ever make more noise in a class meeting than '99? If a disturbance is made in room 3, the only remark is, "O, that's only '99 having a class meeting."

—We have recently learned that Miss F— of '99 is not able to tell time, and are very sorry that it was the cause of her absence from school on Friday, April 3.

—At one of the class meetings of '98, Master M—, on being elected secretary, said, "I will not accept a subordinate office," and later this same member surprised the class by making a motion that petticoat government continue.

—The high school has had a change in the music department, also in the drawing. The teacher of music is Mr. F. W. Archibald of Waltham, and of drawing, Miss Alice Prince of Boston. The high school has taken a lesson every week in both.

—One of the pupils of '98 was very much amused to find herself pronouncing "Lady Macbeth" as "Mrs. Macbeth."

—The members of '97 are evidently striving with each other to see who can drop their botany microscopes the most times. The average, we think, is about six times per day for each scholar. And yet not one has been broken!

—Miss T—, '96, suggests the following course of action in case of fire in the laboratory: First, "What shall I do?" secondly, step away from it; thirdly, stop several minutes and think whether to scream or not; decide not to; fourthly, open the window to let out the smoke (if the wind is blowing in); fifthly, stand and watch it; finally, call some one to put it out. N. B. This was an actual occurrence, that is, most of it.

—Some of the scholars had decided just what seats they would secure at the opening of school, and had picked out their neighbors. They were not at all disappointed to find that Mr. Judkins had arranged the plan of the seats and had assigned a seat to each pupil, those who would not whisper being placed together. We have great respect for our principal's judgment, but he certainly erred in this. Well, accidents will happen. The scholars were pretty well satisfied and that, after all, is, of course, the most important consideration.

—The high school gave a concert in the town hall, March 24, 1896, assisted by Mrs. Marsh, Mr. Frank Willgoose, Mr. Peter Willgoose, Mr. Harry Young, Miss Mary A. Tisdale, Miss Clara Sutton, and several others who assisted the school in the Cantata. The Cantata solos were sung by Mr. P. Willgoose, tenor; Mr. H. Young, bass; and Misses Tisdale and Sutton, sopranos. The Glee club, consisting of fifteen girls belonging to the school, gave two selections. The concert was a success in every respect. Much praise is due to Mr. Archibald, the music director. It was voted to buy a microscope for botany with the money which was made, the sum being over thirty dollars.

—Lessons in graceful walking. Apply to I—S—.

—'96 on being asked the plural of "choir" suggested "chorus."

—Master T—, of 99, tells of the abolition of slavery in England.

—The principal told one of the pupils that it would be better for him to sharpen his wits more and his pencil less.

—One of the physics scholars in copying problems complimented his own writing by remarking that he didn't believe he could read it when it got cold.

—Our elegant new high school building! Marble floors! Costly furniture! Rich paintings! Fine statuary! And other things too numerous to mention! Thanks.

—'98 geometry lessons were progressing so finely that at one time they were allowed to take one-half of a proposition for one lesson. The other classes must look out for that industrious class!

—Why is it that the excellent practise begun two years ago of planting shade trees in the school-yard is not continued? The teachers and scholars are in favor of it, but if we haven't the trees we can't plant them.

—Some startling renditions of "The Princess" have been given by the juniors. As witness: "And there thro' twenty posts of telegraph they flashed a sausage message to and fro." Perhaps Shylock was inquiring the price of pork. And again, "At those high words, we conscious of ourselves pursued the matting."

—Miss de L—, '98, wished to get a small bubble of water in a glass tube open at both ends. Having no success, she was told to place her finger over the end. She then placed her finger over the end and carefully lowered the closed end into the water. When it did not fill her face wore an expression of wonderment hard to describe. Wanted—An explanation of the phenomenon.

—Only one entertainment has been given this year and no public days. Is this an improvement over last year?

Oh dear, oh dear, what a dreadful thing  
That the scholars into the class their lessons did not  
bring,  
Which occasioned quite a scolding on the part of  
Mr. J—,  
And the females to his questionings had nothing  
much to say.

The girls, they all with tears did vow  
That next time they would better do,  
For Mr. J— said that the lessons missed  
Amounted to not a few.  
A gallon-pail would not have held  
The tears that there were shed,  
And that moment will be remembered  
'Till eternity is dead.

R. C. S.

—The fact that we need a new high school building cannot be denied. The entering class this year was so much larger than ever before that there were not enough seats in the principal's room for all. If it is as large next year it will be much worse. Being in the same building with the other school often disturbs our studies, as they make so much noise going up the stairs at morning and again at recess. A fine high school building with a clock on it would add to the beauty of our town, and would also be an inducement for people to move here. We also think that the picture of a handsome school building would add much to the cover of our Advocate.

—The new books bought for the high school this year are as follows: six copies of "Our Language," for class 4; five copies of Hart's "Formation of the Union," for class 1; twenty-four copies of Joynes-Meissner's German Grammar, for classes 2 and 4; twenty-four copies of Guerber's German Reader, for classes 2 and 4; one copy of Sprague's "Milton's Paradise Lost," for class 1; eleven copies of "Macbeth," for class 3; eleven copies of "Comus," for class 1; twelve copies of Tennyson's "The Princess," for class 4; nineteen copies of "Essentials of German Accidence," for classes 1 and 3; eleven copies of "Midsummer's Night's Dream," for class 1; nineteen copies of "Fritz auf Ferien," for classes 1 and 3.

—'99 says, "Imprecantions were poured upon the Romans."

—"You must be thinking of the 'ex-rays,' Miss de L—."

—According to '98, "Macbeth" was written by Longfellow.

—Graduation—Speaker hired for the occasion or home talent, which?

—We keep six clocks in the Kimball building, but none of them keep time.

—'97 calls "Kohlen-munkpeter," (Peter Munk, the charcoal burner), "coal man Peter."

—Miss B—, of '98, thinks that the hair standing on end is caused by the expanding of the head.

—To the local editors: "Please don't say anything in the Advocate about me." E-n-s- W-e.

—We are very glad to see Miss Ellis' cheerful face at school again, and hope she has completely recovered from her illness.

—We have now quite a botanical garden within doors. Flower beds, potted plants, etc., all contributing to produce this effect.

—The longest siege in history has been found by Miss E. E. W—, of '97. She says that the siege of Syracuse lasted 300 years.

—One young lady remarked that she hoped that the N. H. S. foot-ball team will not be given up as she hopes to see the Waltham team here in the fall.

—Parmenter leaves us to play in the State College football team next fall. After a little training we expect to hear of him as the "only" player at Amherst.

—In explaining the line, "And bootless make the breathless housewife churn," from "Midsummer Night's Dream," which describes one of Puck's tricks, a scholar of '96 said it meant that Puck had hidden her boots, and so she had to churn with no boots on.

—The seniors are proud of having the distinction of being the first class who have had none of their members occupy front seats during their senior year, but the principal has been seriously thinking of separating them. One of the editors thinks it would be a good plan, but the editor-in-chief doesn't.

—A conversation in English History:  
Master B—: "Mary went to Spain and married Philip."

Teacher: "No."

Master B—: "No? Mary went to France and married Philip."

Teacher: "No." (A smile passes around the class.)

Master B—: "Well, she went to France and married the king." (Now a laugh ensues at Master B—'s expense.) "Anyway, she went to France and got married."

—The sub-senior class have always manifested a great aversion to the Greek and Roman words and names which occur in their history work, and at times show a deplorable disposition to get even with these, their enemies. A single case will illustrate: "Jugera are divisions of land. Jugurtha was a Numidian king who gave the Romans a great deal of trouble, so we fear that the provision which made it possible for a Roman land owner to possess several hundred Jugurtha was not appreciated by the wealthy men of Rome. "Banner of Light" please copy.

—On the morning of January 6, while the young ladies were complaining of the cold, the principal entered, and upon reading the thermometer found it stood at 54. With a view to warming the pupils he said, "This isn't cold; in 1887 I was up in New Hampshire. On the first day of January when I got to school it was 30 degrees below zero; the next day it was 35 below. I thought then I had struck a cold country." On the same day, Miss E. M. W—, '96, sat all the morning with a heavy cape on. About 11 o'clock, being asked if she was still cold, she shivered suggestively. The thermometer was then 70 degrees and steadily mounting.

—'96 says that Dr. Morton invented ether.

—Three of the seniors, who desired to read more German than they could if they remained with the class, have been reading alone. "Wilhelm Tell" was finished in seven lessons, an average recitation being twenty-three pages. Other matter has been read at the same rate. Can any other high school boast of equal or better work than this?

—The new Studio of Hardy, the Artist Photographer, at 523 Washington street, Boston, is constantly thronged with delighted patrons. Hardy easily holds the position of leading artist in Boston. Photographs secured of him are always satisfactory, and some of the very best portrait work ever brought to our notice has been done at his establishment. Moral: If you want the very highest type of artistic work, go to Hardy's.

—On the afternoon of May 19 a few of the scholars, with the two teachers, passed through a novel, not to say alarming, experience. It was after school, and a violent thunder shower kept them indoors. Suddenly, without the least warning, in the centre of the room what seemed to be a ball of fire was seen and immediately a loud report was heard, and the fumes of ozone were very strong. One scholar only

felt any shock from the occurrence. The report was heard over the entire building, and also at some distance from it, and the flash was seen in the two high school rooms. Fortunately no damage was done, and on the whole, it was an experience well worth passing through. "I wish I hadn't a went."

O, a feature rare and novel  
Did ex-junior's heart delight,  
For a secretary skilful  
Of his pen did show the might,

As he wrote each day the record,  
Which on Friday must be read,  
Of the class-room work in Shakspere,  
And what each one should have said.

How each maiden blushed and tittered,  
When the critic called her name,  
While the ones who won high praises  
Looked like candidates for fame.

But by far the justest censure  
The ex-juniors did deserve  
For their failure to affect the  
Critic's auditory nerve.

Secretary's fair successor  
Her new burden did not shirk,  
But set forth in purest English  
Her industrious classmates' work.

In the vista of the future  
Literary critics dwell,  
Two perhaps will be ex-juniors.  
Just ask Chronos—he will tell.

## Alumni Department.

The brilliant exploit of one member of the class of 1895 a short time ago tends to confirm the favorable opinion already entertained of them by their many friends and acquaintances.

On Sunday, Apr. 26, the alumna alluded to above was invited by a friend to attend with her the dedicatory exercises at Tremont Temple. Our eager alumna accepted the invitation with alacrity and hastened to the train, filled with happy anticipations.

On arriving at Tremont Temple, the two ladies entered the building, but were sur-

prised to find that, to all appearances, their interest in the dedication of that beautiful edifice was confined solely to themselves, for strange as it may seem, they were the only ones of all the hosts of patrons of the famous Baptist organization in question, who had thought it worth their while to be present on this auspicious occasion.

Still our friends resolved to look on the bright side of things, and so congratulated themselves on having a choice of seats, but their tranquility was somewhat disturbed by the expression of the sexton's face which

the heroine of this episode who, by the way, is not the writer, describes as a curious mixture of wonder and amusement. Finally the said bewildered individual ventured to ask if they had not made a mistake in the date.

Then for the first time they looked carefully at their tickets and saw, to their cha-

grin, "May 3" printed plainly upon them.

How different were the feelings with which they slunk sadly home from those with which they had set out I will leave you to imagine.

"And when she next doth miss a date,  
May I be there to see."

### Our Annual Reunion.

There is probably no person who has ever attended high school but thoroughly understands the reason why the High School Alumni Association was formed. The object is perhaps sometimes overlooked in the excitement of arranging its annual reunion, and planning the details of its meetings, but it exists, although apparently forgotten. Still something should be done to awaken a more lively remembrance of the class-room and to strengthen the ties that bind the heart to the school-days and all that they represent. The Alumni was formed for the purpose of keeping alive the interest in the school in which so many hours of work and fun had been spent, and to keep together the members of the different classes in the years to come.

This, we are sorry to say, we have not done as well as we should, for we do not keep in mind the school as it now is. How many of us visit it or even think of it, except, possibly, at graduation? Old members should, whenever they have the opportunity, visit the school and show the pupils that they are interested in the work they are doing, and still have a love for the Alma Mater. We want the scholars to feel that we are interested in them, and wish them to join us as soon as they are able, and that we desire to draw the school and the association more closely in sympathy. For what is the association formed but for the purpose of continuing the interest in the school and its doings? We must think more of these things, and see what can be done to strengthen this feeling.

This association was formed sixteen years ago with only a very few members, and

now the membership is over a hundred. Many of the members are living in town and have the chance of seeing one another as often as they wish, but many others live out of town, and as the years roll on they will be still farther scattered. This cannot fail to happen, for, as the membership increases, many of our numbers who are now young and living at home will gradually leave the home nests to fight the battle of life alone, or to help some other person fight it. Our annual meeting in June brings these widely-scattered friends together, and they feel again, as they talk over their school days, the old class feeling revive in their hearts. It is a real reunion, and as the memory of happy, careless, youthful days becomes more precious to the care-worn man and woman, the pleasure of meeting and talking with old friends becomes the keener and the reunion more nearly fulfils the ideal for which it was started.

Many people, that is, those who do not belong to the association, look upon it as one formed merely for the purpose of having a good time, with a pleasant entertainment and a social dance, an occasion which makes a fitting end to the pleasures of graduation, and where the new members, proudly bearing diplomas and huge bouquets of flowers, are received in its arms with congratulations and honors, and all is merry as a wedding bell. This kind of meeting, although very pleasant, is not a reunion in its real sense, but rather the ideal meeting is one to which the members and graduates only are eligible, and where no one is allowed to enter who is not in sympathy with the association.

But, being only a small society, we could not afford to run an affair of the kind without outside help, and so each year invitations have been issued, the number growing less as the membership increased, until last year each member was allowed five. That meant five or six hundred invitations, and in a small town like Needham, five or six hundred invitations meant everybody who wished to go.

But the association has found that it does not pay. Instead of people coming to the dance and paying toward the expenses of the affair, we have crowded galleries and floors, leaving no room for the members to sit down or dance in comfort, and all this,

and no more money in the treasury to pay for the pleasure thus given.

We have tried to do away with it this year, and have voted to issue only one invitation apiece, thus making only about two hundred, including members and guests, instead of the five or six hundred of previous years.

This, of course, will be a great disappointment to those who have looked forward to attending the reunion, but a little thought will convince them that it is the only right way to do, if the association is to be regarded in its true meaning, rather than a social event to which the town is allowed free access.

M. E. GATES.

#### *Alumni et Alumnae.*

Bertha M. Blackwood, '93, is living in Boston.

Lucie A. Carter, '95, has been at Laselle during the year.

Emma N. Pond, '94, has been attending Bradford seminary.

Frank O. Woodruff, '92, has been working at home the past year.

Mary A. Tisdale, '93, has been assisting in the primary room lately.

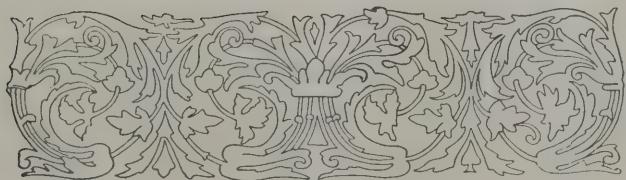
Mabel E. Gates, '93, has been attending a business college at Boston.

Charles O. McIntosh, '91, and Miss Gertrude E. Wales were married in May.

Mabel F. McIntosh, '93, has a position as teacher at a commercial college in the city.

C. Helen Lovell, '95, entered Radcliffe as the youngest pupil who passed the last examination for that college.

Joseph Stanton, '95, has been a student at the College of Pharmacy the past year, but was obliged to leave on account of his health.



### The Minstrel.

(After the German of Goethe.)

"What sound hear I at the castle-gate ?  
What on the draw-bridge clearly rings !  
Haste, call within, I will not wait,  
The minstrel who that sweet lay sings."

The proud king spoke ; at the command,  
The page, obedient to his lord,  
Brought quickly in, with harp in hand,  
Him from whose lips such rich song poured.

"Accept my greetings, each brave knight,  
And also you, most lovely dames.  
How rich a heaven ! stars how bright !  
Who knows their great and noble names ?

Lest this light should cloud my reason,  
I must close, tho' unwilling, my eyes,  
'T is not now the proper season  
With rapture to stare in surprise."

The minstrel closed his eyes so keen,  
And sang a stirring melody :  
The knights looked round with daring mien,  
The ladies looked down modestly.

Filled with deep joy, the king sat grave,  
Then rousing, seized a golden chain,  
Which to the minstrel old he gave,  
In honor of th' inspiring strain.

" Pray give not me the chain of gold,  
Present it rather to thy lords,  
Before whose countenances bold,  
The frightened enemies sheathe their swords.

I sing as birds that o'er us dart,  
As their homeward flight they're winging,  
The song that ripples from the heart,  
Rewards itself in the singing.

Let thy good chancellor, so true,  
The trinket take into his charge,  
And let him add this treasure, too,  
Unto his burden, e'en tho' large.

Yet if thou wilt, grant me one boon,  
That will add much to my pleasure,  
In purest gold, for my poor tune,  
Rich old wine, in gen'rous measure."

He drank the wine he did request:  
" O draught full of sweet refreshment !  
O may that house be highly blessed,  
Where this is the guest's enjoyment !

But fare you well, forget me not,  
And in your prayers, thank God as true  
For His great gifts, your happy lot,  
As I, for this kind deed, thank you."

MISS MABEL O. MILLS.

### A Story After the Style of the Alhambra Tales.

In one of the old rooms of the Alhambra there used to live a poor Spaniard by the name of Mattan Boaxa, with his wife and four children. The chamber was barely furnished, and the cobwebs hung from the rich Moorish fretwork, which was fast losing its beauty, for what Time was doing in a slow way, the children did very quickly by breaking off pieces to play with.

One of the pieces of this delicate sculpture contained a very small piece of bronze as its centre.

But this piece had long ago been broken off, and, although most of the fragments had been thrown away, this special bit of shining bronze was kept week after week, and at night carefully placed where it could easily be found the next day.

One day Mattan told his wife that he had had a strange dream the night before. A man dressed in Moorish garb had stood by his side and said, "The piece of bronze

that your children use as a plaything is of great value. If it is placed on a very small black dot in a block of marble in the 'Chamber of Alhamar,' the marble block will open and disclose a fortune. Only remember that if you disobey the directions of the manuscript the money will all disappear."

His wife laughed at him, but Mattan still had faith in his dream, and, as time was of no importance to him, he determined to hunt up the block of marble.

He accordingly procured the piece of bronze, and, going to the 'Chamber of Alhamar,' found the small black dot on the block of marble, on which he placed the talisman.

The block creaked and flew back on concealed hinges, disclosing a small receptacle from which rolled out a manuscript, but, what was more important to Mattan, back of this were the money bags.

Of course his first act was to count the money, or, I should say, to try to count it, for it was all Moorish coin.

Going to one of his friends who was a Moor, he called him aside and presented the manuscript, asking him to read it.

After reading it the Moor said it contained instructions for distributing a hidden treasure. One quarter must be given to his friends, and a quarter to anyone helping the finder, while the discoverer should have the remaining half.

Mattan thought he ought to have more than a half, but reflecting on the warning

of the Moor, resolved to give up all but his share. After preparing to leave the Alhambra to enjoy his wealth in some other place, he distributed to his cronies their share of the money and also paid the reader of the manuscript his quarter. But after giving away one-half he had a magnificent sum left, and taking up his residence in Seville he became one of the most noted men of the city, who never once suspected that not long before he had held a humble place.

CLARENCE A. RATHBONE, '99.

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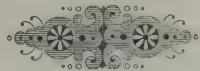
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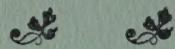
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